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THE  
Royall Guest:  
OR,  
A SERMON  
PREACHED AT  
LENT Assises, *Anno Dom.*  
M.DC.XXXVI.

At the Cathedrall of SARVM being  
*the first Sunday of Lent, before S<sup>r</sup>. JOHN FINCH*  
and S<sup>r</sup>. JOHN DENHAM His Majesties  
Justices of Assise.

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By THOMAS DRANT of *Shafton* in  
*Com. Dorset.*

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THE  
Royal Guest:  
OR  
A SERMON  
PREACHED AT

St. Andrew's Church,  
London.  
MDCCLXXVII.

By the Rev. John  
the Sunday of Lent, John 8. 12.  
and St. John Baptist in the Wilderness  
of the Wilderness.

By Thomas Denton of the  
City of London.

351;08 2

G. P. Johnston

22 February 1901



TO THE WORSHIPFULL  
PETER BALL  
ESQUIRE,

Recorder of the famous Citie of

EXON. health in this life, true happinesse  
in the life to come.

\* \*

SIR,



*Might Preface to  
you, with Reasons  
of this Dedication,  
or with Apologies:  
You are a stranger  
to me, nec benefi-  
cio, nec injuria cognitus, Onely I  
affect to be knowne unto you; this is mo-  
tive enough, nor pleade I other excuse:  
What your cares grac't with a liking in  
the passage, these sheetes speake to your*

A 3

eyes

*Tacitus de  
Galba, O-  
thone, vitel.  
Hist. Lib. 1.*

## The Epistle, &c.

eyes, but more standingly, my hopes  
are blest, if I please both senses: Your  
applause (as 'tis tradition'd me) was  
full and liberall, much above the worth  
of these thoughts; I silence the causes  
made them Publique, that makes them  
Yours; and candor 'tis, I honour more,  
than greatnesse in a Patron: Fowe  
your love an acknowledgement, deeds  
were little enough to expresse it, but my  
aimes are crown'd, if by your Pardon  
or Acceptance, this so small Booke,  
professione pietatis, aut laudatus  
erit, aut excusatus: Farre-well Wor-  
thy Sir:

*Tacitus in  
vita Iulij  
Agricola.*

*Shafton:  
Decimo Sexto  
Kalendarum  
Aprilis.*

Yours in all services  
gladly devoted

THOMAS DRANT.





# The Royall Guest.

REVELAT. 3. VER. 20.

*Behold I stand at the doore, and Knock.*



EE meete here a Royall Guest,  
who enstated in all the Royalties  
of Heaven, yet sues for a  
welcome on earth: and wee  
have him in my Text.

First, for Posture, *Standing,*  
*I stand.*

Secondly, for Place: *At the doore: I stand*  
*at the doore.*

Thirdly, for Action: *Knocking: I stand at*  
*the doore and Knocke.*

*Behold I stand at the doore, and Knocke.*

These are the severall Branches the bodie of  
this Text spreads into, where doe perch on every  
sprigg, *Wonder* and *Mercy: Wonder* that God  
who

who is all *Glory*, should come downe unto man who is all *vilenesse*: *Mercy* that Man who is a foule *ragge* of *uncleanenesse*, should be made a temple for *G O D* to dwell in, who is all *Holy*; *G O D* and man were at *distance* but now, nay at odds, nay at *feud*, if ever any, happy is that *union*, which brings them under one *roofe*, to one *table*: this is marveilous in our eyes, and therefore *chain'd* in wich an *Ecce* here; *Behold*, I stand at the *doore*, and *Knocke*.

*Behold* is a word of Emphasis and Energie: if this *Starre* stand ore the house, a *J E S V S* is within, nor points this *hand* in the *Margin*, but there's juice and substance in the *Text*: Some of ranke are in the *Palace*, where this *Porter* keeps the gate, and *fruits* not to be plucked rudely, in that *Paradice*, where this *Cherube* guardes the entry: where *Ecce* is written on the *box*, be sure the *ointment's* precious, something of weight and moment doth march in the *reare*, if *Behold* leades up the *front*, and as the *Baptist* in Sacred Writ, prepares the way to it; 'tis so here; *G O D* bowes the Heavens and comes downe among men, nor comes he arm'd with thunders, cloath'd with Majesty, darkenesse being his pavilion about him, as to Israel on Mount *Sinay*, Soto come, would strike terrour in all hearts; nor comes he as sometime he came into his *Sanctuary*, where the *Singers* went before, the *plaiers* of *instruments* followed after, among them were the *Damascels* playing with *timbrels*; thus to come would be a pleasant object to all eyes: He comes here *forma pauperis*, as a *Mendicant* who begs an *almes* for *G O D s* sake: He *breakes* not into

Exod. 19. 16.

Psal. 68. 23.

into our roomes, but *stands* at our doores, at whose least breath the *gates* of hell flie open, and the barres of *iron* burst in peeces: here is patience and humility to a miracle, and both stamped with an *Ecce, Behold I stand, &c.* Nay not a word here but this *dash* of the HOLY GHOSTS quill, the *impression* of this character is due unto it.

First, *I*, it were enough were I a guardian Angel to some Monarch below, if one from the Sacred *Quire* of the Prophets, if the least among those feathered *Hierarchies* above: but *I*, the Prince of peace, the King of glory, the LORD Paramount of Heaven and Earth.

Secondly, *I stand*, I sit not in my *chaire* of state, I leane not on a *cushion* of ease, I roule not on *beds* of violets and *strewings* of rose-buds; but *I stand*, and this *posture* of mine, speakes as my *readinesse* to enter, so my *patience* to awaite it.

Thirdly, *I stand at the doore*, not in the *Hall*, where the warmth of a fire might cheere me, not in the *chamber*, where I might rest my limbes on a couch of Ivory, but at the *doore*, without *shelter* or *penthouse*; where the drislic *sleete* chills, and the stormie *tempest* beates upon me; where *my head is* fil'd with the dew, and *my locks* defil'd with the drops of the night.

Fourthly, *I stand at the doore and Knocke*. I stand not at the doore, as the harlot sate at hers in the *Proverbs*, to tole in, gaine, and enamour the passenger to folly: nor *stand I*, as those *Sodomites*, who thronged about the dores of *Lor*, to shed that blood which bedewes the earth, and with its shriekes awakens Heaven to vengeance: *I stand*

B

not

1.

2.

3.

4.

Prov. 9. 14.

Gen. 19. 14.

not with my hands in my bosome, or my armes enfolded together, or to gaze about me, as those Idlers in the Market-place: but I stand to *knocke*, nor give I a *rappe* and away, as a Post that flieth by, but as 'tis a peece of my devoire to gaine an entry, so I stand to it: if by any meanes, they will open to *mee*, and their owne *happinesse*: Behold I stand at the doore and *Knocke*.

Now, O LORD, what is Man though continu'de with all the pompe of greatnesse! what the Sonnes of men, those who move in the highest Orbes, what the whole Series and descent of them, even theirs, whose blood flowes from the noblest veines? What the whole cluster and bunch of mankind, that so mighty a GOD, at whose presence the Heavens droppe, out of whose mouth coales of fire devoure, whose voice rents the rockes and discovers the forrests: that hee should stand at our doores and knock: How many roundes of wonder in this one Ladder, in this one chaine how many linkes of *Miracle*? what wedges of gold in this rich *Minerall*? I shall digg for some, and one pretious *ingot* I light on at the very head of this Mine: 'tis the partie who stands at our doore, implied in the Greeke *sones*, exprest in our English I, the *Guest* himselfe; I stand.

*I who?* I who stretch out the Heavens like a curtaine, and againe make a sack their covering, and shall shrivell them up as a parched scroule at the last day: I who ride upon a Cherube and flie, who flie upon the wings of the winde: I who have founded the earth upon the waters, and established it upon the floods: I who have shut up the

Psal. 68. 8.

Psal. 18. 8.

Psal. 29. 9.

Psal. 18. 10.

Psal. 29. 2.

the Sea with dores, and made the cloud the garment thereof, and thicke darkenesse the swadling band for it: *I who* weigh the mountaines in a ballance, to *whom* the Nations are as the dropings of a bucket, *I who* dwell above the circle of the Moone, and hold the ball of the world in my hand: In a word, *I who* am *Alpha* and *Omega*, all full of grace and truth, in whom dwells the fullnesse of the God-head bodily; *who* thinke it no robbery to bee equall with *G O D*, as being the *image* and character of his goodnesse: *whose* throne is at the right hand of my Father, but my Sovereignty is throughout all ages, and to the ends of the earth: I thus rob'd with *dignity*, thus engirt with *power*, thus bedect and crown'd with Majesty; *I stand*.

Job 38.10.

Now *ὁ τὸς ἀγαθὸς*, Saint *Chrysostome* in a holy trance here: O the height and depth of the mercy of *G O D*, O the bowels and entrailes of the love of *C H R I S T*: thou art O *S A V I O U R* a plant of the *Celestiall Eden*, what finger could plucke thee thence! A stonie thou art cut out of the *Heavenly quarre*, but by what hand? Who could force thee from the bosome of thy Father, thy palaces of glory? Who but thy selfe? 'twas for us Men, and our Salvation that thou cam'st downe from Heaven: this *Abisse* of thy goodnesse wee cannot fathome, nor measure its greatnesse: wee may guesse at it, if we reflect, 1. On thy All-worthinesse, 2. On our All-worthlesnesse.

First, On thy *All-worthinesse*: but what tongue of the learned is not *dumbe* here? *C H R I S T*

I.

Deut. 10. 14.

comes not for his owne benefit, but *ours*: we solace our selves in the diffused raies of the *Sunne*, but doth our looking on him, add the least sparke to his brightnesse: the earth is enricht by the showers that fall upon it, doe those drops or the ground gaine? *Sure our goodnesse extendeth not to thee, O LORD*, or should wee impoverish our selves, what were our *Mite* to thy *Treasure*? Our *Guest* here, is the *Heire* of all things, nor comes Hee to gaine by us, but to gaine us: Hee wants not what is ours, for His is *the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens, the Earth also, and all that therein is*: here is worth enough, as to blesse, so entrance us.

2.

Iliad. B.

Iliad. 64. 6.

Secondly, On our own *All-worthlesnesse*: alas! what impure *Sties*, what *Stables* of dung, what *Cabins* of filth are wee? How unworthy under whose rooffe such a *Guest* should come? is there any beauty in us to attract his love? any comeliness to ravish him unto us? None; *Miriam* was not more leापrous, never *Leopard* more spotty: wee are as *Homer* paints out *Thersites*, *φορλὸς, φορλὸς κεφαλῆν, χαλκὸς ἔτερον ποδῶν*, One masse and lumpe of deformitie: Doe our garments smell of *Mirrhor*, or are they perfumed with the *powders* of the Merchant, that with the savour of our *Vintments* wee may draw Him after us: No, we have on no cloathing, not a skirt to cover our nakednesse, or our *coate* is *pollutio panni*, *staines* and *raggs*, an *uncleane thing* in the Prophet, that either way we are the *objects* either of a *frowne* or *scorne*: thus wallowing loathsomely in our owne *gore*, thus patcht up with *shreds* of filthinesse, *CHRIST* now lookes upon

upon and loves us: O the over-flowings of a gracious pity! what channels or bankes can hold it? how freely runs it, how fully? but *love is strong as death*, and by that *coard* wee might pull Him to us? Neither, how dearly wee loved Him, witnesse His head *harrowed* with thornes, His face *blurr'd* with spittle, His eyes *tortured* with all spectacles of shame, His *câres board* with blasphemies, those iron plates, which pearced His hands and feete, and by which *Dido* did conjure her *Aeneas*, *corpus sanguine mersum*; His body *drowned* in blood: See here *ὑπεβάλλουσιν τῆς γνώσεως ἀγάπην ὅτι χριστῷ*, as the Apostle phraseth it (and 'tis a *streine* of divine *elegancy*) A love not to bee sampled or scand by us, above the reach of all finite Apprehension: but pitch our selves at the highest, our purest *Oare* hath its *drosse*, our sweetest *fruits* their *sowerneesse*, our best *workes* (and they too like *Salomons* Sculpture, A lillie upon a pillar, A lillie upon a pillar, rare and few) will they not weigh light in the *Scales* of the Sanctuary? *Gideons* plea, when hee was to rescue Israel from the *Shackles* of Midian, and startled at the Summons, it may be *ours*, who ever are the *wealthieft* among us in sacred *graces*, Behold my family is poore in *Manasseh*, I am the least in my Fathers house: what than are wee, that such a visit should bee given us, how poore cottagers to entertaine so great a Landlord? can our *tabernacles* of sticks hold Him, whom the huge vastnesse of heaven and earth containes not? Here is a *Maze*, who can tread it? it is not for my *pencill* to limbe in this *peece*, give mee leave than to draw a *vaine*, and

*Ensal. lib. 2.*

*Ephes. 3. 19.*

*1 King 7. 19.*

*Iudg. 6. 13.*



pasſe, from the *Gueſt* who He is, to my firſt generally his *Poſture* which is *Standing*: Behold I ſtand.

I.  
A&S 7.55.

I ſtand. Firſt, *Standing* is a poſture of *Readi-  
neſſe*, Saint Stephen when hee was to fall under that  
ſhower of ſtones, ſaw the Heavens open, and JESVS  
*ſtanding* at the right hand of GOD: we reade  
often that he *ſits* in the conflicts of his Church  
not bloodie. Hee but lookes on or helpes with  
eafe: 'tis but here that He *Stands*; *Stands*, now  
that his Saints engag'd in a fight to death, as a  
Champion with his ſword girt unto his thigh, and  
ſo is *Ready* to enter the liſts upon the ſignall given,  
and though *conquer'd* to bring him off *victorious*:  
CHRIST *ſtands* at our doore in my Text, and  
by this *geſture* ſhewes us clearely, as if it were de-  
ſcribed by the raies of the Sunne, that with the  
whole traine, and quire of his graces, He is ready  
to enter into our hearts, if wee open unto Him:  
what a bleſſing is it to bee the manſions of the  
bleſſed Trinity, the Exchequers and Magazines of  
all holy endowments, the favourites and darlings  
of Heaven? this happineſſe, CHRIST is ready  
to make ours, and that wee may not miſſe it, as  
being bewitcht with the worlds inchantments,  
with what throwes and pangs of love doth Hee  
wiſh, *O that there were ſuch a heart in this people  
to feare mee alwaies!* with what patheticall Rhe-  
torique doth hee perſwade, *Returne, returne, O  
Shunamite returne:* with what deepe ſighes and  
ſtreames of teares laments He, *O Hieruſalem, Hie-  
ruſalem, how often would I have gathered thee  
together, as the hen her chickens:* CHRIST  
weepes.

Deut. 5.19.

Can. 6.12.

Mat. 23.37.



weepes not in sport, as these two *Atimiks*, the Stage-player and the Hypocrite; it is for our weale or losse that waters flow from His eyes; if throbs and groanes breake from Him, 'tis, or for our stubbornnesse that we will not, or for His owne desire, that He would have us lay hold on mercy, if wee barre our gates against Him, Hee deplores our contumacy, but were He not willing to come in, Hee would not *stand* at our doores.

Secondly, *Standing* is a posture of *Expectance*; *Gehazi went in and stood before his Master*; In all likelihood to *expect* what errand, he might have for him, what dispatch to imploy him in. CHRIST *stands* here, His offers of love He gives not over, nor through despaire of prevailling on his owne, nor through churlishnesse of repulse on our parts: He *stands* in spight of denials, He tries the Sea, after many Ship-wracks, puts His shoulder more strongly to the load, and beates still at that *doore*, which He never saw opened: How, as in a visible Sampler, shines out now the *patience* of my SAVIOUR, the *Longanimity* of my GOD: there is power in His hand, He could make an *entry* by force, but there is patience in His heart, and therefore He *stands*: if His words can worke upon us, Hee will spare His blowes, nor will Hee double these if at the first stripe wee cry *peccavi*: GOD in a moment can thunder downe sinne with vengeance, and raine fire from the cloudes upon it; but if the dewes of His mercy will soften us, He will not powre out of the viols of His plagues: nor will Hee blow the trumpet to warre without a *parlee*, or wee refuse the often proffers  
of

2.

1 King. 5. 35.

Isa. 65. 2.

Psal. 95. 10.

Jer. 32. 30, 31.

Diog. Laert.  
vit. Philos<sup>oph</sup> lib.  
2.

of a happy peace: Every Story is a Chronicle of this truth, and the whole world the practise, nor need I bee bankrupt of instances, One *Israel* is able to furnish mee: observe the degrees of their obstinacy, what a *climax* there is in it: *I have spread out my hands all the day to a rebellious people*: the whole day, beate it out to its utmost dimensions, I wrestle with them by my bounty, and gaine not; but what say you to yeares, a long lease of them; *Forty yeares long was I grieved with this generation and said, it is a people that doe erre, &c.* In halfe the time, I could have grieved every veine of their hearts, so long they grieve my soule, and I am patient: would man bee so to his brother, when an injury heats his blood? but my plea against these is from their very cradle and first stone of their city: *The children of Israel, and the children of Judah, have onely done evill before mee from their youth up; And this cittie hath beene to mee a provocation of my anger and fury, from the day that they built it*: where is that *Plato* now, whose cheekes choler never died? where that *Socrates*, who never spake stormes, but smiles, not when *Zantippe* comes like a tempest upon him: where that *Iob*, who entangled in so many *Labyrinths* of woes, in those windings lost not his patience, nor himselfe: the patience of man may bee great, but matcht with *G o d s*, how small a drop is it to that Ocean? How weake a glimmering to that Sun, How faint a beating to that life? write it on the tablets of your hearts, and set it up, as a trophee of his due praise, *G o d* onely is patient

at

at the evils, and *gratious* unto the sinnes of men;  
O that spiders should sucke venome out of so  
sweete a flower! or because hee is not quick  
with them, *Atheists* say He is slack, and aske in  
scorne, Where is the promise of His comming?  
not to wander after these *ignes fatui*: CHRIST  
Hee stands at our doores as yet, will He doe al-  
waies so? the Sunne that shines will it never sit?  
the day is cleare, may not a cloud black it?  
GODS jealousy is not quickly incens'd, but if  
once kindled, will all the rivers of the South  
quench it? bee wise than, and before wrath  
come forth, and burne like fire, have teares of  
Penitence in store to quench it: whilst it is day,  
worke, when GOD calls speake, whilst He stands  
open: He who stands now, may be gone, espe-  
cially if he stand without a covert, in the street,  
at the doore, which is my second generall, the  
Place.

Behold I stand at the doore: If some *Grandee*  
of the State stood there, if some *magnifico* swolne  
with titles, would we not haue to open, and thinke  
such a presence an honour to us? this wee would  
doe to the *Nimrods* of the world, and *Peeres* of  
the earth: Behold One is here to whom the grea-  
test *Monarch* is more base, than the basest *Boare*  
to the greatest Monarch, one who knocks im-  
portunately, why shut wee Him out, why are  
doores blockt up against Him? O our lunacy and  
madnesse! *Satan* angles for us, vvith a baite of  
honours, wee are caught, the world as pleasingly  
gives us the musicke of gaine, wee are charmd:  
the flesh unvailes a beauty, a peece of clay more

Aug. de civit.  
Dei. lib 3. cap.  
17.

Cant. 5.3.

2.

Pfal. 90.

1 Sam. 2.8.

handsomely attired, wee burae: *Riches* are but the garbage of the earth, we dig into its entrails for them; pleasures are but a flower, garish to the eye, soone withered. Our senses are captivated with their smell; *Dignities*, as *Saint Augustine* censures them, are but a light fume, a breath of the chops, a fleshy paire of bellowes, wee are hot in the sent of these, and for all keepe open house. *CHRIST* in respect of whom, and those endowments He brings with Him, all things else, as *Plato* stampes them, are *εὐδαιμονία*, nothing and nothing worth; He sues, as in the *Canticles*, *Open unto mee, my Love, my Sister, my Kinsdeified*. Open the doore of thy soule O my unsupported Church, let me come and dwell with thee in my Graces: here wee or coine excuses for delay, as the Spouse now, *I have put off my coate, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet how shall I defile them?* or wee out Him into our stables with the *Bethlemites* anon, as having no roome in the Inne of our hearts for Him.

*CHRIST* yet, but in the closet of our hearts; will take up no lodging in us; and to this the doore alludes here, so runs the streame of Expositors; not the daores of our lips we are bid open, though these too, but the doore of our hearts; *Gitt* asks the roote of this, not the rinde and shell of those. *My Soure give me thy heart*, not thy wife. dome, for all the treasures of it are in my selfe, not thy wealth, for the earth is mine and the fullnesse thereof, not thy greatness, for 'tis I who make to inherit the throne of glory; not an outside, a plausible varnish of devotion, the eye glotted up to Heaven,

Heaven, the *knee* kissing the earth; the *hand* martyring the breast, atalent of talke, without a mite of charity, but thy *Heart*: *Æschines* brought the best guist, who gave himselfe to his Master, and *Socrates* priz'd it above the costlier presents of his other Schollers: thy *heart* is a jewell, give it to thy *G O D*, this small pibble is of more worth vvith him, than vvhole rocks of Diamonds, this one living stone than the quarries of the vast world; all thy offerings are but Sacriledges and Sorceries without it, all thy front of holinesse but dawbe and morter: all is not man-hood, that lookes big, and spits fire as it speaks, nor is all beautie, vvich the sumptuous art of a trimming sets forth: there is a dresse and paint of holinesse, *G O D* will vvash it away vvith a flood of brimstone, for vvithout the *heart* no colours can take him: As mans *heart* is, such is he, if this bee soild, laide ore thou maist bee with a vermilion die, but *G O D* shall smite thee thou painted wall: if this bee pure, thou art all white as the snow on *Salmon*, no juice of *Isay* can cleanse thee more, and sure *G O D* is best pleas'd vvith his owne worke which is that *mo* in *Dauids* Orizons flew up for, *Create a cleane heart in mee O L O R D*: *G O D* gives thee this, and give it Him againe of keepe all. Keepe thy *almes*, though *almes* bee a sweete perfume in His nostrils, thy *prayers*, though prayer bee as incense in His sight, thy *fasting*, though fasting bee the Armour of true penirence, thy thousand of Rams to make fat, thy ten thousand rivers of oile to glad His altars: A wreath of glory waites on our *Almes-deeds*,

Seneca de Beneficijs lib. 1.

Acts 13. 3.

Psal. 51. 10.

Prov. 13.9.

Psal. 145. 18.

Basil in Epist.  
ad Gregor.Diog. Laert. de  
vit. Phil. lib. 1.

Isa. 1. 15.

Aug. in Psal. 42

Cypr. de Ioya.  
Christi.

as they are dispenc'd by *charity*, the Almoner of faith : these thee doth *disperse* abroad, and they come laden home vvith sheaves of blisse from the plentifullest fields, *for a good eye shall be blessed of G o d* ; but what are good workes without the pittie of the *heart*, this temple must sanctifie this gold, or as *Daniel* told *Balthasher*, so G o d us, *Keep thy rewards to thy selfe, and givethy gifts to another* : Prayer is a heavenly Dialogue, or the soules colloquy with its Maker ; 'tis a chaine, whose linkes doe reach from Heaven to Earth, and by which wee pull downe G o d to us, *For G o d is nigh to all that call upon Him*, nay in *S. Basils* phrase, 'tis *in eis voluntas*, a G o d dwelling in us: but vvhat are our prayers vvithout the devotion of the *heart* ? this is the wine must season those bottles, or we babble in vaine, nay to our hurt, and beg not a blessing, but a curse, as *Bias* told the Marriners in a storme, when sayling with them, they vv ere on their knees to their gods, *Silere, ne vos hic illi navigare sentiant* : the Jewes honour G o d with their lips alone; what's the issue, when ye spread forth your hands, *I will hide mine eyes from you, when ye make many prayers I will not heare* : One vving in *Augustine* by vvhich our prayers doe soare on high, is *Fasting*, nor is it a mushroome of a daies growth, 'tis of an ancient stock, fetching its pedigree from *Paradice* ; vvhere the first man forbad the tree of Knowledge, vv as in that injoynd a law of *Abstinence* : many are the rich encomioms where-with 'tis rob'd in Antiquitie. *Saint Cyprian* shall speake for all : *By fasting the sinke of vice is dried*

up,



up, wantonneſſe waxeth cold, concupiſcences grow faint, and pleaſures like fugitives, runne away: but what is faſting without a contrite heart? vvhhat is it to to tame the fleſh, if this mutine within us? what to graſpe this ſhadow, if we faſhion not that ſubſtance; if that *Iebuſite* be not ſubdu'd vvithin thee, in vaine doeſt thou macerate thy body into a ſkeleton, bury it in a ſhrowde of ſackcloth, and inſtead of ſweete Odours beſprinkleſt it vvith Aſhes; *For is it ſuch a faſt as I haue choſen, a day for a man to bow downe his head like a bullruſh?* When vve faſt at once from meats and ſinnes, as Saint *Ambroſe* ſpeakes, vvhen vve beate downe the bodie, to keepe the mind chaſt, this is the life of a true *faſt* and that which *crownes* it: not to muſter up other inſtances, thus much in groſſe: As the trace of a cloud, ſo all our goodneſſe ſhall vaniſh, how ere wee parget and ſleeke it ore, where the *heart* is not right: *is thy heart right*, ſaith *Iehu*, when he would feele the pulse of *Iehonadab* how it beate towards him, *give mee thy hand*, thus man doth judge the roote by the fruits: *is thy hand right*, ſaith *Go D*, is there no jugling, no impoſture, no legerde-maine in what thou doeſt; *Give mee thy heart*, thus *Go D* doth judge the fruits by the roote: and ſure all the *wheelles* are ſet on going by this *Primum mobile*, all the *Planets* mooue, as this *Sphere* turnes; the whole *infanterie*, the foot are lead up by this man of valour, the *Heart*, every member of the body, ſaies to it, as the *Iſraelites* to *Ioſhua*, *All thou commandeſt us, wee will doe, and whiſherſoeuer thou ſendeſt us*

Iſa. 58. 5.

Ambroſe. Ser. 33.

2 King. 10. 15.

Ioſh 1. 16.

we

me will goe: *onely the LORD be with thee*: and doubt not, but GOD will bee with it, if it bee His, if it be not, He hath the more wrong, for He bought it dearly, it cost Him that blood, one drop whereof was worth a million of worlds, it was a spittle of filth, He hath made a pallace of righteousness, *Satan* had his throne there, Hee hath bound this strong man and cast him forth: so that now 'tis His owne house by purchase, by conquest: who than dares to keepe Him out? who so litigiously given, as not to open, when Hee knocks? which is my third generall, the Action it selfe, *I Knock: Behold I stand at the doore and Knocke.*

*Expo* in the Originall, from *κρας* say *Etymologists*, a *Metaphor* taken from beasts, whom nature hath armed with hornes to strike: no creature is without its weapons, either to ward off from himselfe, or to thrust with a blow at others: the *Armadillo* on land hath his hard skinn for a coate, the *Tortoise* in the Sea, his as hard a shell for a covering, the timorous *Roe* his swift feet to flee, the wary *Fox* his Labyrinths, to hide from danger: the *Basilisk* hath an eye to kill, the *Dragon* a breath to poison, the *Scorpion* a sting to wound: the *Beare* roots up with his tusk, the *Griffins* reare with their nailes, the *Eagle* with her talons rends in peeces, and the *Bulls* of *Bashan* push strongly with the horne: to knocke is *tropically* taken here, and borrowed from these, and it implies a *mighty stroke*, as a blow from a sinew'd neck, or those hornes of iron, which *Zedekiah* made, when he betraied himselfe to errour by a false spirit, by the gull



gull of a false victory he cheated *Abab*, and told him, *with these shalt thou push the Syrians, till thou have consumed them*: 'tis than a knock with force and all *GODS* are so; let us ranke them into their severall files.

First, *GOD* knocks by the Ministry of His Word; this is a knock of power, and His, who knocks with Authority, for such is His Word, and so He teacheth, what strong holds will not this engine pull downe: what bulwarks of humane pollicie not scale, what rampiers of flesh and blood not raze and dig through: it casts downe, faith Saint Paul (and hee speakes it as an Oracle) every high thing that exalts it selfe against the knowledge of *GOD*, and brings into captivity every thought to the obedience of *CHRIST*: Men have fore-heads of Stone, necks vein'd with Adamant, hearts rib'd with Marble, these cannot bleed, nor those bow, nor tother blush, the Word is a hammer to breake this rock a peeces, a fire to melt it into softnesse, a rod to make waters of penitence gush out from it: Men stop their eares like the Adder, the one they couch to the ground, ranime into it store of covetous dirt; the other they close up with their winding tale, fill it with carols and rounds of lust; Even these Serpents have beene charm'd by the Word, 'tis heavenly incantations have undeaft them, they have danced to the pipe of the Gospel, the silver bells of Aaron have ravish't them out of their selves, and now no musick to the sweet songs of *Sion*: how unfruitfull a soile is mans soule, how barren a peece of earth, till the Word distills as the dew upon it, and then

1 King. 22. 11.

I.

Word.

Rom. 1. 16.

Mat. 7. 29.

1 Cor. 10. 5.

Jer. 23. 29.

Exod. 17. 6.

than O the happy fruits of a few drops! is the heart *malitious*? no knee can beg a pardon of it, as soone wee may calme the Sea, when all the windes are in an uproare: is it *covetous*? no balme can supple it to pittie, none art extract a mite from it: is it *ambitious*, and will we stay its careere! as well we may stop the lightning: is it *factions*? all the harmony of Heaven cannot sing it into peace: is it *fruitlesse*, as soone we may plow the waters and expect a crop thence: is it *hard*: what meanes can mollifie it? what oile here, what vineger there? Behold, the Word drops as the raine upon it; as the small raine upon the tender herbe, and as the showers upon the grasse: straight this *flint* softens into *flesh*, these jars kisse in a sweet *concord*, this rough Ocean doth cease to rage, that *Gilboab* is cloath'd in *Greene*, where but now no blade was, not a leafe of *grasse* to apparell it: as if a new soule were breath'd into him, such a change is in the whole man: *quantum mutatus ab illo*: *Zacheus* is mercifull, *Paul* tame as a lambe, *Abab* puts sackcloth upon his flesh, *Felix* trembles like an *Aspen* leafe: *Peter* taken from the nets, doth catch a thousand and a thousand soules at a draught, nay the world is won to the faith, not by the *Sages* of *Egypt*, but the *refuse* of *Iury*, the *Rabbies* with these, with those the *Magi* are master'd by them; the words of *Fishermen* are reade, faith *Augustine*, but the necks of *Oratours* are subdu'd: that *Romane Chieftaine* might not more boast his *veni, vidi, vici*, than they, they conquer'd as many nations as they saw: not *Ore gladij*, with the edge of the sword, this can but gash the flesh, at most make

Deut. 32.2.

Enclad. lib. 1.

Serm. 49. de  
verbis Domini.A. Hirtij de  
bello Alexand  
comment.

a *gappe* for the soule to step out at; but *gladio oris* the keene blade of the *Word*, which divides betweene the soule and the spirit, no other weapon can pierce so deepe, not that fiery one, with which the *Cherubins* kept the passage of *Paradise*: not a heart within these wals, but *G o d* now *knocks* at it by this *Word*, though not by this onely: for

Secondly, *G o d* knocks by His *Mercies*: His *Mercies*! A theme for Angels to descant on, the sweetest Attribute of the *Deitie*, the alone object of His delight; *Heaven* were as *Hell* without it, and all approach to His Throne, *Death*; whom would not Majesty swallow up, did not mercy temper it: we are consumed with His fires, as He is *πῦρ* a *Capitol* of justice, but we flie into His bosome, as He is *πῦρ* an *Asylum* of mercy; and the best *Sanctuary* Hee is, nay joyes to be so: *Tully* speaks it of himselfe, and take him as the Embleme of a good judge, *Partes lenitatis misericordiaeque semper egi libenter, gravitatis severitatisque personam non appetivi*: I willingly acted the parts of mildnesse, the bent of my nature was this way; the Publique good is at stake, and the dignity of the Empire to be rescued, when I put on the person of severity: if *G o d* strike, as our sinnes may force a weapon into His hands, He styles it a *strange worke*, a *strange Act*: Austerity is no consort of His, no familiar, little acquaintance He hath with it, nor glories He to have any: *etiam iustissimis penis illachrymat*, as *Suetonius* of *Vespasian*, he doom'd not to the most just punishment with drie cheekes, not like that bloodie *Massalla*, who in one day having strooke off foure thousand heads (so *Valerius* reckons them) vaunts

2.  
Mercy.

Orat pro Luc.  
Murena.

Isa. 28. 21.

Suet. Tranq. de  
Vesp. Aug. cap.  
15.

Valer. lib. 11.

D

it

Psal. 145. 8.

Psal. 119. 64.

Psal. 36. 5.

Psal. 108. 4.

Deut. 32. 14.

it among those piles of carcaffes, *at Masada Bazarabab,*  
 O A&t worthy a King: no such tyrannie in our  
 G O D, of whom all the heavenly Coiristers  
 chaunt it, and let us beare a part with them: *The*  
*L O R D is gracious and full of compassion, slow to an-*  
*ger and of great mercie, the L O R D is good to all and*  
*His tender mercies are above all His workes:* what  
 above all His workes? that starry rooffe over our  
 heads, and those millions of tapers which burne  
 there? this pavement of thy workmanship, O  
 L O R D, we tread on, every the least inch of it, *the*  
*whole earth is full of thy goodnesse:* but doth it reach  
 to that height, which to looke on, tires the eye by  
 the way? that pretious vault wherewith thou hast  
 walled in this inferiour globe? *Heaven is high,*  
*nine hundred miles upwards, say some, five hun-*  
*dred yeares journey, say others, who have calcula-*  
*ted curiously, is thy Mercy so? can it ore-top this*  
*Pyramid?* He who said it, could speake it without  
 an Hyperbole, *Thy mercy, O L O R D, is in the Hea-*  
*vens,* Psal. 36. it than equals them for site here, but  
 it transcends them there, *is in Babilon now, Thy*  
*mercy is great above the heavens,* Psal. 108. the whole  
 world is a huge tome and volume of these mercies,  
 a large Map of them, an Abstract and Epitome of  
 all was one Israel; they were abrig'd into that litle  
 table, one Jacob; his portion: we have their cata-  
 logue drawne up by Moses: *He kept him as the*  
*Apple of his eye, he bore him on his wings as an Eagle,*  
*he gave him the increase of the fields, he made him suck*  
*honey out of the rocke, fed him with butter of kine, and*  
*milke of sheepe, with fat of Lambs, and Rams of the*  
*breed of Bashan:* May I speake it to the conscience  
 of

of every one here, who hath not *tasted and scene*  
*that the LORD is good? Psal. 34. 8.* whom amongst  
 vs hath He not *drawne with the coards of men, the*  
*bands of love?* as He did his *Ownne in Hosea*: we sit  
 every man under his own vine, and beake our selves  
 in the Sun-shine of an *Halcion* peace; the red sea of  
 warre is dried to our feet, nor see we the garments  
 rould in blood: we eate the finest of the wheate  
 flower, our presses burst with new wine: our gar-  
 ners are full of store, our bones of marrow, our  
 bellies of G O D s hid treasures: our vines hang  
 full of clusters, our meadowes shoote up their  
 grasse, our vallies are covered over with corne,  
 they shoote for joy and sing: we cannot say, as the  
*Prince of the Apostles, silver and gold haue we none,*  
*we can, as Pindarus did of the citie Rhodes,* the King  
 of the gods *ἐπέχει πολὺν χρυσαῖς νηδύνων,* every tide  
 waves in rich Ore unto us, and every way showers  
 of *mercy* distill on our heads, more precious than  
*those dewes of Hermon, which fell upon the hils of Sion:*  
 these are blessed *knockings*, if they miscarry, will  
 G O D leave us so? no, He will *knock* more sharp-  
 ly yet, with a more smarting blow, by His

Hof. 11 14.

Psal. 65. 3. 2

Ol 7.

Afflictions: these are *knocks* of *mercy* too, if we  
 surueigh a right *Them* or our *Selues*.

Afflictions.

First, *Them*, they are indeed the stroakes of  
 justice properly, as a reall *Sermon*, by which G O D  
 doth preach unto us the vilenesse of our sins and  
 His loathing of them: they are eventually a pawne  
 of love, for as those *floods* rise, so with them the  
*Arke* of the Church is more lifted up to *Heaven*,  
 by these rough *rocks*, as *Jonathan* to the garrison of  
 the *Philistins*, the Saints climb up, as by *staires* to

I.

glory: *crosses* are rough and pricklie, they are waters of *marah*, as draughts of Hemlock to an unhallowed pallat: but there is an unction of joy, that supples them them to the godly, honey is suckt by them from these thistles, and now here is *Sampsons* riddle without a mystery, *Out of the eater comes meate, and out of the strong comes sweet*: that *Abssynthium* which smarts our eye clears it, and we thank that paine which gives us sight: the way to cleanse thy fore, may bee to launce and tent it to the quick, and to dead thy festring flesh thou bidst a free welcome, even to searings and cauteries: to purge out my grosse humours, I ask not for sugred but working potions, nor will I distast their bitternesse, though intermingled with gall: he shall die without my pittie, who will languish rather under a wilfull sicknesse, than venture on a harsh remedie: A sound body may house a crazie soule, and 'tis a rare one, that hath not some notable maladie: One swels with a tympany of pride, that reeles with the staggers of drunkennesse; this rots with a consumption of envie, tother thirsts with a droppe of Avarice, in many the whole heart is sicke; crosses are our best medicines, what if their relish displease us: it is enough that they are *soveraigne*, though not savoury; if they are *wholesome*, why are we *squammish*? who loves his *tast*, above his *health*, may hee be diseased still.

2.

Secondly, sift we our selves, and those *knockings*, which go against the graine, weigh how they work to our good, and how in them God doth *croffe* us with a blessing! *Nihil infelicius eo, cui nihil minusquam evenit adversi*, it was the Heroicall voice of

Cur bonis viris  
mala eveniant  
Sen.

Demetrius,



*Demeirius*, saith *Seneca*: never to be miserable is the greatest unhappinesse: should *Prosperity* alwaies cast *sweetning dewes* in his face, should a *smooth gale* ever fill his sailes, what an elated *meteor* would man grow to, how would this *Colosse* ore-straddle the world? *Alexander* if he be *Great*, some flatterers of his court (and these *burs* still cleave to the coates of *greatnesse*) will intitle him to immortality, and say, he is a *god*: we are easily *'befool'd* to an over-valuing of our selves, so was he, untill wounded with a dart; *Anaxarchas* askes him *Laertius*, himselfe in *Plutarch* tels those about him, this is not

Diog. Laert. de  
vita Phil lib 3.  
Plut. Apotegez.

Γ' ουκ, οἷος τις τε πάρι μακρότατοι θεοίσι

Iliad. 6.

Such a *juice* as drops from the veins of the *gods*: As mens *pompe*, so their *minde* rise, these are *higher*, as that is more *lackey'd*: how can it be full *sea* in the thoughts, if the *ebb* below in the state, or to whom the world is *imbitter'd*, will they *suck* vanity from her *breasts*? this knockes at the rich mans doore, nor lies it on a pad of straw, but a bed of downe: *Ease* slayeth the *foolish*, it puffs up this *bladder* of winde, if plenty *wast* in a high *tide* to him, and but what is in those *Aires*, the world *fan's* on his cheekes, other happinesse he knowes none: what more *endeeres* our *home* unto us, than our wants *abroad*? as but for the enterchange of *cold & winter*, who would long for the *spring*, though for ornament the most gorgeous season of the yeare? the *Prodigall*, when he feedes on husks, than thinks on his *Fathers* house, as at the thought of *Egypt* and her flesh-pots, *Israel* loaths *Canaan* it selfe: where do our desires breathe so short of Heavens as where

Pro. 1. 23.

Isact. Arcop.

Psal 78.34.

Psal. 119.71.

*Vsury* sits wrapt in furs, where *bravery* sailes in tissues and embroideries, where *opulencie* shewes downe in *fleeces* of gold, where honours fawne, and all things flow in an *over prosperous* abundance: such a wretchednesse it is to be too happy: *Minutius* beares away the *palme* of aglorious victory, and all *Rome* echoes as one *Theatour* in his praise: *Fabius* his wife Colleague than feares him most, and most justly, for said that famous *Oratour*, in a more famous *Senate*, the *Areopage* at Athens, *συτακολαβῆ* τοῖς μὲν πλουτοῖς καὶ ταῖς δυναστείαις ἀνοία καὶ μετὰ ταύτης ἀκαλασία: *Insolency* is lodged under a *high-built* fortune, your *sober* minde in one *low* rooffe: *pride* is usually the child of *riches*, and in the *seate* of honour sits *hauntnesse*: 'tis the misery of *meane* ones, not to bee *thought* men, and 'tis the misery of *great* ones not to *thinke* there is a G O D: *Ephraim* not accustomed to the yoake, may turne the heele, but *Israel* being smitten, seeks after G O D early: *Dauids* sweetest songs were his *lachryma*, this *Saint* in a tempest how *crest-fallen* is his devotion, when he lies at hull at home! and therefore it is good for me that I was in trouble: it was good for *Naaman* that he was a Leaper, but by his leaprosie he had not knowne *Elisha*, nor G O D, but by his Prophet; it was good for *Paul*, that he had *σκληρὰ καὶ σαρκεύ*, a stub in the flesh, hee might through his heavenly *rapture*, have beene enamour'd on himselfe, but for those *corasives* of sharpe buffetings: Even the worst men may be made good by sufferings, they make the good happy; and so expect not their patience onely but cheerefullnesse; Every bird can chirpe it in a temperate *Aire*, give me those notes

are



are carol'd in the midst of a *storme*: not an *Epicures spleene* but claps his wanton *sides* in the midst of his jollity, but O that unimaginable joy of *Martyrs*, which made them sing at the stake! never repine we, let them gladd us rather, at those beatings, which humble us here, to exalt us hereafter; the *rod* is worthy to be kist, which doth lash out our folly: if therefore the *sound* of thy Word pearce not my dull eares, if I speake not at the ravishing *knock* of thy blessings, knock on, till I not heare but smart, but still in *Mercy*, O LORD and not in *judgement*, and this is GODS fourth way of Knocking.

Fourthly, GOD knocketh by His Judgements, whether at the next doore, or our owne.

First, if at the next, His *stroakes* there, are *ca-*  
*veats* to us; if others are beate, thou art warn'd:  
*sodome* and those cities of the plaine, which were  
mixt with cloudes of pitch, and heapes of Ashes,  
*περικελευταις δι' ογδωκα* at the seventh of *Iude*, are *items* to  
all; to all who have fronts of whoredomes, that  
in those legible characters they may spell what  
GOD meanes to themselves; to all too, who have  
hearts of flesh, and looke on, those monuments of  
vengeance, as Sea-men do on shelves, to *shew* them:  
*Remember Lots wife*, she is made a statue to thee, a  
pillar of *Salt* to this end, *ut suore exemplo condiret*, as  
Saint *Augustine* warbles it, to *season* thee by her ex-  
ample, to *scare* thee by her doome too; for 'tis the  
propertie of *Salt*, *δάνειν κ' λυτῶν τῶν χαύνης*: So that  
great Ornament of the Greek Church Saint *Chry-*  
*sostome*: the *Galileans* blood *Pilate* mingled with  
their sacrifices, they were offered up with their Ho-  
locaufts: CHRIST told of this tragedie, samples

it

4.

I.

Χρυσ. εἰς τὸ  
κατὰ Ματ.  
Εὐαγγέλιον.  
Ὁ μὲν. α.

Luke 13. 5.

Gen 4 24.

Pro. 19. 25.

it with another of eighteene, on whom the tower of *Shiloe* fell, and buried them under its ruinous heapes: sad spectacles both, and of both that great *Pastour* and *Bishop* of our soules makes this holy use: *Except yee repent, yee shall all likewise perish*: happy he, whom others harmes make wise, and whom they teach not, he may want not griefe, but pittie: *Lamech* slaies a man to his wounding, and a young man to his hurt, nor could the *President* of *Caine* take of his edge from blood-shed: wee need no *Jury* to passe upon him, no judge to sentence him for this, his own mouth hath done it: if *Caine* shall be avenged seven fold, sure *Lamech* seventie and seven fold: how often are men swallowed up of those judgements, they see to ingulfe others, and sleight them: *Oportet abietem ululare, quia cecidit cedrus*; if the *Cedar* fall, let the *firre-tree* howle, the next blow stocks up that too: the cloud may gather a farre of, and some fury of the storme may breake on our heads: the *Sword* which is drunke with blood yonder, will perhaps quasse thine, the *Pestilence* which destroies in the next Citie, what *garri-sons* can keepe it out of this? if my neighbours house be on fire, shall I warme my hands at the flame? may not those sparkes catch my rooffe? let a *Nero* sing, when *Rome* burnes, by anothers losses, I shall collect mine owne, what they may be, how neere to arrest me, *Smite a scerner and the simple will beware*: may others ingrosse all the skill of *Egypt*, let me be blest with this simplicity, no vatican or Library of the world is enricht with so true wisdom: for who bleeds at anothers hurt doth in that forestall his owne, if that punishment makes thee wary,

wary, which lies at the next threshold, be sure, it shall not step ore thine: Otherwise

Secondly, G o d knocks by his judgements at our owne doores: His knocks of *mercy*, are as the raine that comes downe upon the mowen grasse, not with noise enough to rouse us: the knocks of *Afflictions* gall us, but wound not, these arrowes strike, but stick not in us, with some little paines we shake them of, *non haret lateri lethalis arundo*: the knock of judgement, though at the next wicket, is out of our hearing, and therefore out of our care, yet is it not for want of *sound* in that, but for want of *eares* in us: but these knocks at our owne gates, no bars of iron can hold out against them, no heart so knotty, but they cleave it: G o d smites another and we keepe aloofe from His soare, *in βελών, μη πὸ τις ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ ἄλκος ἀνταί,* as *Homer* doth advise warily: or we looke upon His *Plague*, but with *Dauids* friends, those oylie *Sycophants* of his court rather, wee stand a farre of: make the case our owne: our wounds corrupt and stink, our loines are filled with a loathsome disease, we call in hast, O for some soveraigne *Balsames*, O for some gentle *Baths* to wash me, O for some good *Samaritan* to poure in wine and oile: poore *Codrus* his lodge flames about his cares, wee will not heave at a bucket to quench it, a few sticks we tell him, and some clay, will rebuild him as goodly a tabernacle: Let his palace of *Cedar* burne, or his fields of barley be set on fire, what *Iacob* will not rise: whether not runner whom not affront with the injury: this disease is *Epidemicall*, G o d may scourge those about us with whips of *Scorpions*, if our own

2.

*Virg. e. Eniad*

*Lips. de Constant. lib. 1. cap. 1.*

*Juven. Sat. 4.*

*2 Sam. 14. 31.*

E

fides

sides are not torne with those stripes, wee still fro-  
like it, all is *Comedie* with us, our instruments are  
turned to mirth, and here is that *ignis erraticus*,  
which still misleades us, evill is not within our  
dwellings, and we say, it shall not come nigh them;  
but now, that it is come, will it not dishearten and  
turne us into stone, as that scroule on the wall did  
*Balthassar*? who flatter themselves with a *super-*  
*sedes* from all arrests, or that they can put off  
judgement till a hundred yeares after, as the judges  
of *Athens*, so *Aul. Gellius* stories it, bound ore  
a woman for the triall of her cause, when they  
could not *sentence* it, who descants on others falls,  
without the least reflex to their owne merits, or  
turne taile, like a weather-cock in a gentle calme,  
when *GOD* courts them by His mercies, where  
will these hide them, in what rocks, under what  
mountaines, when *GOD* will bee knowne by the  
judgement that hee executeth, and at their owne  
homes: *GOD* speakes to us in a still voice, as to  
*Eliab* on Mount *Horeb*, we will not heare, He will  
be heard when He speakes ~~out~~ out of the se-  
cret place of thunder, when he speakes not to the  
eare onely, but the *sence* it selfe, as to *Pharash* in the  
voice of his signes; so those plagues are stil'd,  
which came in with a *miracle*, and went out in  
blood, a Sea of blood; he must sleepe ~~in the~~ *Endemons* sleepe in *Abotritus*, whom thunders  
startle not, and those stroakes of judgements, hea-  
vier than of axes and hammers: if this *Lyon* roare  
in the Forrest, doe not the beasts feare? if this  
sword hang but by a haire ore his head, if already  
sheath'd in his bowels, can *Damocles* relish his  
viands?

*Aul. Gellius*  
12.7.

*Psal.* 9. 16.

1 *King.* 19. 3.  
*Psal.* 8. 7.

*Deut.* 4. 8.

*E' SHALL.* 7.

*Horat. Ode.*  
*lib.* 3. *Od.* 1.

viands: who dare forge in the wildes of vice,  
when GOD shewes ~~them~~ the words of His  
prodegies as the Originall emphatically: such  
words as *darkenesse* black as hell, and *frogs* in the  
chambers of their Kings, and *lice* in all their quar-  
ters, and *locusts* without number, did speake to the  
Egyptians, and that in a language, that was both  
*heard* and *felt*: felt to, not as a goade that pricks  
the skinne only, and smarte the flesh, but as a faile  
of iron, that doth bruise in peeces: O those im-  
maleable soules, whom these blowes rift not! I  
should stagger in my beleefe, whether any such  
are, but that I know there have beene: their Ob-  
stinacy is chronicled, reade it and blesse your  
selves, *Ier. 5. ver. 3. Thou hast smitten them; but they  
have not grieved, thou hast consumed them, but they  
have made their faces harder than a rock*: So Saint  
*Augustine* upbraideth the seduct Pagans: *Perdi-  
distis utilitatem calamitatis, miseri facti estis, &  
pessimi permanistis*: wickednesse makes you wret-  
ched, wretchednesse makes you worse, so the fruits  
of your calamities die in their touch, and like those  
by the *Lake Asphaltites* crumble into Ashes: these  
Oakes will not bow, they shall breake, may I  
swimme through a river of brimstone, wade  
through a torrent of Sulphure, to be eternally hap-  
py and with my GOD: but what *Heraldry* can  
blazon their woes, what *pencill* paint them, who  
are under the *scurge* here, and under the *curse* for  
ever: as they must be, at whose dores judgements  
doe knocke without *grace*: which is GODS fist  
and last way of knocking.

GOD siftly knocks by the sweet inspirements

E 2

5.  
of Spirit.

Psal. 105. 27,  
28, 29.

Ier. 5. 3.

De civit Dei  
lib. 2. cap. 33.

Ioseph. de bello  
Iudaico lib. 5.  
cap. 5.

Isa. 30. 11.

Mark. 6. 10.

Acts 16. 18.

Zach 11. 10.

Mark. 9. 22.

of His holy Spirit: from whom are suggestions to holinesse, excitements to penitence, and powerfull workings on the heart to faith: these motions are that voice in *Isai*, we heare behind us, saying, *This is the way, walke in it*: a voice audible to all within the pale of the Church, even those false fires of Religion, which but glow in it: these have their pangs of zeale, their quames of devotion, their flashes of holinesse, and from this Spirit are all these, how-ever nick-nam'd: this Spirit enkindled those sparks, when *Herod* did many things, and heard the Baptist gladly: when rapt with *Pauls* sanctified straines, *Agrippa* was at the point to turne Christian; but it blew them up into a flame, vvhen *Gamaliels* Scholler is non-plust spight of his subtile disputes, and made a Profelyte vvith those, vvhom but now he martyr'd: if vve thinke a good thought, it is grace infused, so Saint *Augustine* the devout patron of it, if vve speake a good vvord, it is grace effused, if we doe a good worke, it is grace diffused; now what is done by grace, the Spirit doth it, whose royall Epitheton and character it is, The Spirit of grace: there is a Spirit of giddinesse, it rules much in some brainefick hot-spurs, whom it doth possesse at once with a zealous phrensie, and cast them, as that dumbe One did the childe in the Gospell, now into the water, fullen and rheumatick drivelings, spitting against the Church, vvwhose Hierarchy they beate downe, that their owne braines may sway; anon into the fire, so hot a contention about Ceremonies, though enjoyn'd vvith equall modestie and right, as if Heaven and Earth vvvereto little to bee mingled



mingled in the quarrell; this *Spirit*, vvwhether in a Church-parlour at *Amsterdam*, abroad there, or an uncharitable conventicle of our Zelots, at home here, is as farre from *grace*, as *unity*, it at once rents into *Schismes*, divides that coate is *seamelesse*, &c opens a fluce for *Anarchy*, *disorder*, *irreligion*: they are other fruits, which blossome on that tree, the good *Spirit* plants; these are Humility, Meekenesse, Brotherly love, and that rich Diamond of all humane happinesse, *Vnion* and *Identitie* of heart in those, *who keepe the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace*: if this *Spirit* inspire not with holy motions to unity, we are all jars, if by His gracious instincts He worke us not to holinesse, we are all prophane, no other meanes are effectuall. First, *GOD* knocks by His *Word*, this is to us, *Precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little*: if this *Spirit* enflame not our hearts to the love of the truth, how do we looke the Prophets in the face, and *cast their words behind our backs*? or heare them as we doe musick to stuffe our eares, when our bellies are full. Secondly, *GOD* knocks by His *Mercies*, exhausts all the treasures of them, and crownes us with His blessings: if this *Spirit* mould not our hearts to thankfullnesse, how as wild heafers doe we kicke being full, or how, like a peevish beautie, the more *GOD* woes us by His bounty, the more coy and shie are we? Thirdly, *GOD* knocks by *Afflictions*, these rise not out of the dust, none can take of, or add the least scruple to their weight, and they are for our health those *drams* that are mingled to us of them; this heavenly physicke

James 3.17.

Ephes 4.3.

Esay 28.10.

Psal. 50.17.

workes not on our soules; if the *Spirit* make it not operative, without Him *the whole head is still sick*, nor hath any *drugsters* shop that *medecine* can cure us. Fourthly, G O D knocks by His *judgements*, they breake in like *waves* of the sea, this on the neck of that, ere the former have wrought all his spight: they beate with blowes able to shake the *center*, mans heart like the *Anvill*, the more 'tis *hammer'd* on, the harder it growes; onely this *Spirit* makes us flexible mettall; *judgements* may leave an *impresion* behind them, but no *stampe* to that of *Grace*. Powre out O L O R D, of this thy *Spirit* upon us; Knock by thy *Word*, and may it leade us in the paths of life; Knock by thy *Mercies*, and may those load-stones attract our longing to thee; Knock by thy *Afflictions*, and in that Schoole, may we con new lessons of Amendment; Knock by thy *judgements*, may they put us in feare, and make us know our selves to be but dust and ashes: Knock above all by thy *Sacred Spirit*, O thou who hast the keyes of hell and death, say effectually to our soules; *Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doores, that the King of glory may come in: So Veni Domine Iesu, Come LORD JESV, come quickly: To whom with the Father and the Spirit, be All praise, and honour for ever,*  
*Amen.*

FINIS.





*Perlegi hanc Concionem, dignamq; judico quæ typis  
mandetur. THO: WYKES R. P. Episc.  
Lond. Cap. Domest.*

